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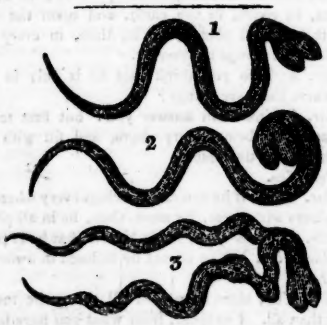
Natural History.

ZOOLOGY.

Amongst the advantages and conveniences arising from the possession of a journal exclusively devoted to literature and science, without any admixture of politics or news, is the facility it affords an editor to treasure up, and lay before the public, many valuable communications, which, on account of their length, must necessarily be excluded from the columns of a newspaper, crowded, as they are, with parliamentary debates, news (foreign and domestic), naval intelligence, imports and exports, trials, marriages and deaths, accidents, and advertisements. This miscellaneous accumulation of matter, whilst it gives an interest and value to a newspaper, wherein readers expect to find an epitome of almost every thing amusing, renders it absolutely necessary, however, for an editor to exclude many of the valuable literary and miscellaneous articles which present themselves to him, in the course of the extensive, varied, and constant reading which falls, necessarily, to his share, if he performs his duty as caterer for the public. Amongst the articles which seldom find their way into our public journals, or periodicals, are many valuable papers which appear originally in the foreign journals, and especially in those of the United States of America, where literature and science are making very rapid strides.

We have now before us Professor Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts, with which we have been favoured by a correspondent. From this work we shall make a selection, which will gratify such of our readers as cultivate the study of natural history.—*Edit. Kal.*



Facts and considerations, showing that the Two-headed Snakes of North America and other parts of the world are not individuals of a distinct race, but universally monsters. In a letter from Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, of New York, to Dr. Godman, of Philadelphia.

The two-headed serpent has long been an object of admiration and research. The rarity of its occurrence has added interest to the inquiry. It has, however, been found in so many, and such distant places, that several authors have been induced to make delineations, and various collectors to procure specimens.

The production to which I allude is not the *Amphisbæna* of hot climates, erroneously alleged to have a head at each extremity of the body, with the capacity of moving both ways, as its name imports, at will. The one I possess from the island of Jamaica has no such constitution. Such a two-headed being belongs to fabulous, and not to real zoology. But it is an aphedian reptile, having two distinct heads, or a double-head, at one extremity of the body.

In the usual cases, among the mammalia, the departure from the ordinary figure and structure has been uniformly considered as indicating or constituting monstrosity. When a similar peculiarity of organization occurs in serpents, it seems to have been viewed by many with a different regard. The creatures have attracted notice as a distinct race, and perfect in their kind.

This opinion has probably arisen from the size which the animal has attained, and the agility with which it performed all its functions. Hence a sentiment arose, that a *Serpens biceps*, belonged to a specific breed, regularly and naturally formed with two heads.

The circumstances were powerful and imposing; and for a time I was myself inclined to that belief. But latterly I have acquired information that has obliged me to abandon the notion.

During the year 1823, a female snake was killed about six miles west of the Genesee river, together with her whole brood of young ones, amounting to one hundred and twenty. Of these, three were monsters; one with two distinct heads; one with a double-head, and only three eyes; and one with a double skull furnished with three eyes and a single lower jaw; this last had two bodies. The figures correctly drawn from the originals in my collection, represent the shape and size of the several individuals. (See the annexed engraving, 1, 2, and 3.) My friend, Dr. Voight, of Rochester, having heard of the occurrence, travelled to the place and inquired into the facts. He procured the three which were deformed, and very obligingly placed them at my disposal. The dam, or mother, was of the sort called the *Black Snake* or *Runner*, one of the most frequent and prolific of the New York serpents. The species is very well known, and is apparently the *Coluber Constrictor* of Linnæus, and *Le Lien* of La Cepede. It frequently attains the length of six feet, and has been known to equal twelve; is sleek and slender, with a black back and a bluish belly, with a white throat, and sometimes a white ring around the neck.

This species belongs to the tribe of viviparous snakes, comprising such as are in strictness containers of eggs, but do, nevertheless, hatch them within their bodies, and bring forth the young alive. This has been long known to happen in the case of the European *viper*, called *Vipera*, a derivative from *Viripara*, from the known habit of excluding the offspring from retained or unlayed ova.

We have here an example of the monstrosity of three individuals belonging to a single litter of serpents, and that monstrosity conspicuous in the twofold formation of the head. It might hence be inferred from analogy, that all serpents of this irregular constitution are also monsters. Still, as these misshapen productions have somehow been regarded as exceptions to the rule, I shall add a few more observations.

Intelligence by a most credible source has reached me from the Black river, near Lake Ontario, of a snake with *three* heads. The specimen was promised to me, and I do not yet despair of receiving it.

I offer, as part of this communication, a somewhat circumstantial description of a two-headed serpent, I received from one of the Fejee Islands, a few years ago. The length is four inches and three quarters. Though there is some difficulty in counting the shields, yet, as nearly as I can ascertain, the scuta of the belly are one hundred and twenty-five, and the scutella of the tail fifty-three. There are two pairs of jaws, two pairs of eyes, and two complete and separate heads. From the anterior termination of the dorsal ridge, the body branches forwards into two equal and regular necks. These necks are short, and connected by an intervening membrane, and continuous skin beneath. On this skin is a sort of ligament, reaching across the chin, from the outer angle of one mouth to the outer angle of the other. It seems to have given strength and simultaneous motion to the jaws. The two heads are of the same size, and very symmetrically formed. The back is dark brown, approaching to black; the belly paler, and of a yellowish brown; the tail tapers away like that of most other snakes, being neither flat, abrupt, nor blunt.

Among the ancients, two-headed snakes have been mentioned by Aristotle and Ælian. Among the moderns, Joseph Lanzoni relates that he had seen such an animal. Francis Redi has left a very particular account of one that was catched near Pisa, on the bank of the Arno, and which lived from January to February, after it was taken, affording many opportunities for experiments and remarks. When life was departing, the right head appeared to die seven hours before the left. Aldrovandus had one in his cabinet at Bologna; and there is one in the Museum of the King of France, at Paris.

For further intelligence on this curious and controverted subject, I refer to the Count La Cepede's able disquisition (Des Serpens monstreux) on Serpentine monsters (Vol. IV. pp. 311—326 of the copy I had the honour to receive from him) wherein, like a sagacious reasoner, he decides the whole class of these productions to be anomalies.

A two-headed serpent is figured, in several views, by George Edwards, in the fourth volume of his history of birds, plate 207, and described. The drawings are of the natural magnitude. He introduces the subject by observing that he did not propose to exhibit monsters in his work, but that the species, even if it had not two heads, might be better known to the learned world. He mentions an *English* serpent, that had been brought to him, with two distinct heads. The specimen he describes was from Barbadoes.

The other intelligence touching this inquiry has been so fully and properly posted up by Mr. President Clinton, in the note *ff*, subjoined to the discourse he delivered before the New York Literary and Philosophical Society, in 1814, and published in the Transactions of that learned body, (Vol. II. p. 160—162,) that I avoid the transcription of his luminous statement.

From the facts stated, and the references made, it appears that two-headed snakes have been found in the West Indian and Polynesian Isles, in Great Britain, in Italy, and in the state of New York. An inference arising na-

turally from the premises is, that *they are individuals of different species*, and *probably of different genera*; inasmuch as it is very unlikely that the two-headed snakes, of remote situations on the continents, and more distant localities on the islands, were the issue of the North American, or New York black snake. This conclusion is fatal to the supposition, that these singular productions constitute a race of their own, and propagate their kind in regular succession.

Of such perpetuation of the species there is no evidence whatsoever. A procreating association, or union of male and female parents, has never been observed, because such connexions do not exist. The birth and parentage of these strange and enormous productions have been hitherto unknown; because, until Dr. Voight's important disclosure, not a naturalist could tell whence they came.

My own judgment on the case under consideration is, that the miscreated and extraordinary constitution of the three young black snakes is owing to *monstrosity*; and by a similar anomaly in nature to that which occasionally produces monsters in the black snake, they may be engendered in other serpents belonging to the numerous species of *Coluber*.

If it should be asked, wherefore it happens that two-headed monsters are more frequent among serpents than other animals, it may be answered, that this is very far from being ascertained and established. Two-headed births are by no means uncommon in other creatures; among which may be enumerated *dogs*, *cats*, *swine*, *sheep*, *kine*, and even the *human race*. Generally they are still-born, or very short lived; and, by reason of their hideous and disgusting shapes, are soon removed from sight.

The like happens to other animals; and, among the oviparous class, to poultry and domesticated birds. The two-headed monsters usually die soon after hatching.

I have heard of a two-headed tortoise (Testudo) that lived to acquire a considerable size, by having taken food at both mouths.

Two-headed serpents, hitherto, seem to have been of small or diminutive size; leading to a belief that their organization, which allowed them to live and enlarge for a short term, or a season, forbade them to reach entire expansion, and old age.

Serpents are destitute of limbs, and are, consequently, incapable of monstrosity, in feet, legs, hands, and arms, either by defect, redundancy, or malformation; when it happens, therefore, monstrosity must be in the head or tail, and the head is most frequently the seat of it.

The prominent peculiarity in these monsters is, that they can continue alive so long, that they can receive and concoct food, and that they can thereby be nourished, and acquire bulk. It is to those qualities differing from the generality of other monsters, that the two-headed snakes owe the notoriety they hold among zoologists and travellers.

New York, August 1, 1825.

The Philanthropist.

EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

[*Continued a former number.*]

SIXTH DIALOGUE.

On the Existence of God.

Scholar. "The soul renders man, in a manner, like God." I do not understand that. In what does this resemblance consist? What kind of a being is God?

Master. I will tell you in what respect the *human soul* resembles *God*, and in what it differs from him. They resemble in their spirituality, and in the essential faculties that belong to them.

Scholar. I do not understand you. That is not the way you generally explain difficult things to me; your explanations are always easier to be understood than the things which you explain.

Master. You are right. I had forgot that I was speaking to one who would not understand what I was saying. I will explain it to you as you wish. God is the being who has made all, and who was never made by any other being; who never had a beginning, who will never have an end. I am speaking of this to you too soon, perhaps; I ought to prepare you for it. Do you believe that the sun made itself? that the stars, the earth, and all that you see, have not been made by some being?

Scholar. No; I do not. I see that where there are effects there must be a cause; and that where there is no cause, there can be no effect.

Master. Well, we will call God the author of all things; the cause of all beings. We know that God is not compound, that he is simple, that he is a spirit, because he is every where. He is every where, because in every place there are beings which could not exist without his invisible aid and preserving care. As he is every where, and we do not see him, he must be invisible. If he is invisible, he has no body. If he has no body, he is simple. If he is simple, he is a spirit: the cause of our thoughts (which is the spirit) is, then, in this respect, like him.

Scholar. I understand, now, the words of this being, before he created man: "Let us make man after our own image." But how do you know that God thinks and wills like us?

Master. I know it because I know that he has made the world; and I know that no spirit can make any thing without having first thought about it.

Scholar. I understand that; but how do you know that he thinks?

Master. I know it because I know that he has willed; for it would not have been his will to have created the world without he had thought about it and considered it well. The essential faculties of a *spiritual being* are, then, the *thought* and *will*.

Scholar. The essential faculties of my spirit are, then, to *think* and to *will*.

Master. Yes; and it is in this respect that we are all the images of that being who has made all others. But, even in these two faculties, how great is the difference between him and us! How great, how vast, and how extensive is his thought, where the past and the future are as well comprehended as the present!

Scholar. What ideas you give one of this Supreme Being! He sees every thing; both things past, present, and to come; whilst we can scarcely see the present.

Scholar. But if we differ so much from God in our knowledge, do we differ so much from him in our will?

Master. Yes; all in God is as incomprehensible as himself.

Scholar. Why have you told me of him when you should have been telling me of my soul?

Master. Because there is between God and us so great an affinity that we cannot know ourselves till we are assured of the existence of God.

Scholar. Tell me of his will: is it equal to ours?

Master. When you look upon a magnificent structure what do you think?

Scholar. I think there must have been hands, and a great many strong hands, and a good deal of ingenuity and skill to arrange it in such a manner as to excite our admiration.

Master. If any one should tell you that the arms of one man had made it all; that one man had planned and executed it?

Scholar. I should tell him that he was deceiving me.

Master. But if he should tell you that this edifice was raised in a moment, the instant that the architect had conceived the plan; that his will had wrought such an astonishing effect that, without the assistance of hands, his will had created all?

Scholar. I should say that he was greatly deceiving me.

Master. But suppose it was all quite true, what would you say of the workman whose will was so powerful and effective?

Scholar. I should not know what to say of him: I should be confounded.

Master. Raise your eyes on high: look at the sun; and, at night, before you lie down, examine the moon and the stars.

Scholar. I have done so hundreds of times.

Master. Do you know the size of all these bodies?

Scholar. No.

Master. Do you know the size of this earth which we inhabit?—*Scholar.* No.

Master. Can you show me the distance of a league on its surface?

Scholar. Yes; I have walked a league, and I know how far it is.

Master. Well, you would have to walk nine thousand times this distance before you could get round the earth.

Scholar. What a size the earth is! It is nine thousand leagues round!

Master. Yes. Well, the sun is a million times larger; and the smallest star is much larger than the earth, and so big that you would be almost frightened if I could tell you the size o some of them.

Scholar. But I do not see how that has any thing to do with what I asked you about the will of God?

Master. You will see directly. In one instant, without any pre-existing matter, by one single act of his will, this being, whom we cannot speak of without feeling overwhelmed with his glory, made the sun, the moon, the stars, and every thing that you can see, and made them turn and revolve round one another without touching. Judge, by the effects, so surprising, of the cause which has produced them; think of the weakness of your will, when compared with his, which, whenever it is exercised, always produces something marvellous.

SEVENTH DIALOGUE.

On the Attributes of God.

Scholar. How great and how powerful is that being who has worked such miracles! Where is he? Where does he live? Where is he gone to, after having made all things?

Master. How childishly you talk! Do you think about what you are saying? Do you believe that this being is a workman, who leaves his work, and who abandons it after he has finished it? Do you not feel that all that God has made needs his continual care? and that if he did not preserve us we should sink immediately into nothing? God is, then, in every place where there are any beings to preserve.

Scholar. But there are objects every where; in the air, in the sea, in rivers, in the earth, and upon the earth. God is, then, in all places; he is, then, in every place where there are beings to preserve.

Master. And do you think that he is only in those places where there are beings?

Scholar. I think I can answer you: but first tell me can he not create beings every where, and fill with them every part of the universe?

Master. Yes.

Scholar. Then, if he can create beings every where, and fill all places with them, he must, then, be in all places.

Master. Do you, then, really believe that he is present in all places, and that he cannot be inclosed in a room, as we are?

Scholar. Yes; since he created all things he must be greater than all. I suppose, from what you have told me of this great being, who has created all, and who preserves all things, that it is from him that all beings have received life and action.

Master. It is by him that we live. He is the life of every thing.

Scholar. But a being so great, a thousand, nay, a million times greater than all other created beings put together, would frighten me if I saw him, and if I believed that he saw me.

Master. Do you believe that he does not see you, a being who is in all places? Do you think that a watchmaker who has made a watch does not know the mechanism of it? Do you think that he who has made the sun

does not see the way it goes, and which he has traced for it? and that he who has made man, who has given him knowledge, does not see all that passes in him? Do you think that he who has made the noblest works of the universe cannot see them?

Scholar. He sees me, then, and he always sees me; he can see my soul as well as my body; he can see all my thoughts; he can see every thing that I do: how frightened I am to think that the eyes of God are always upon me, and that I cannot hide myself from them.

Master. You ought not to be afraid; it is the wicked only who should tremble.

Scholar. It is true that he is as the air I breathe, and that he fills all space; that he lets me do any thing, and never hinders me; that he sees the good which I do and does not praise me for it; and the evil which I do without punishing me. He is the light of our spirits, but that is all.

Master. Undoubtedly he is the light of our spirits: but do you believe that he does not think and reflect?

Scholar. No; for, since he has created man, who thinks and reflects, I believe that he does so also.

Master. Do you find every thing that he has created good?

Scholar. No; I cannot think that the liar, the robber, and the assassin are good?

Master. Do you find every thing bad?

Scholar. No; I cannot think the honest and charitable are bad.

Master. And do you think that if you could not compare these different actions you could praise some and blame others?

Scholar. No; it is because I compare them and reflect upon them that I find some agreeable and others disagreeable.

Master. Well; do you believe that God, who has given you the faculty of comparing and reflecting, does not compare and reflect also?

Scholar. No; a being cannot give that which he has not; he must certainly have that which he gives.

Master. God, then, who reflects and compares, must see when actions are good and when bad.

Scholar. Yes; but he does not take any notice of them. He does not do as men do, who reward and punish one another; at least I do not see that he does. I hear of robbers who hide themselves, and are neither known nor punished. If God hated robbers as I do he would not suffer them to live.

Master. It is very true, that, during this life, we very often see the wicked prosper and the just poor and persecuted.

Scholar. Well; this disorder proves that God lets men do as they like, without taking any notice of their actions.

Master. No; what you say is not right.

Scholar. Show me my error.

Master. You will agree with me that the being who has created all others has never had a beginning; for, if he has made every thing, none of the things which he has created could have made him. If he has received existence from none other, he must always have had a being; that is what I call *eternal*. It is very evident, also, after what we have said, that he occupies all space, and is, therefore, too great to be measured; that is, *omnipresent*. God is, then, *eternal* and *omnipresent*. We have shown that he is *all powerful*; but is he not also *just*? Yes; he is as just as he is powerful.

Scholar. What an idea you give me of the justice of God! How comes it, then, that God suffers the wicked to escape, and lets the righteous go without reward? I confess I do not understand this.

Master. If he does not punish us in this life it is because there is another: it is then that the soul (whose nature and operations I have made known to you) will receive the reward of its virtues, or the punishment of its crimes.

Scholar. The soul, then, does not die, like the body?

Master. Is not God a spirit?—*Scholar.* Yes.

Master. Is he not *eternal*?—*Scholar.* Yes.

Master Is he not all powerful?—*Scholar.* Yes.

Master. Is he not the *preserver* of all other beings?

Scholar. Yes.

Master. Is he not *omnipresent*?—*Scholar.* Yes.

Master. Is he not *omniscient*?—*Scholar.* Yes: he sees every thing; even our inmost thoughts.

Master. Is he not *intelligent*?—*Scholar.* Yes.

Master. Is he just?—*Scholar.* Yes.

Master. Does he love like us, and hate like us?

Scholar. No; since his power, his eternity, and wisdom are unlimited, his justice is, then, without bounds. How do you call that?

Master. I call that *Infinite*. All that God is, he is infinitely; all that he does, he does it infinitely. He is, then, infinitely powerful, infinitely immense, infinitely good, infinitely intelligent, infinitely just. God is, then, infinite in all his attributes.

Scholar. If he recompenses virtue, virtue will then receive an infinite reward; if he punishes crime, he will punish it infinitely; but, in order to be *eternally* rewarded, the soul must be *immortal*.

RECOVERY FROM DROWNING.

A medical gentleman of much experience has assured us that the remarks we are about to present to our readers are most important and judicious. It will be perceived that they differ very widely from the ordinary rules laid down for the recovery of drowned persons, and especially in the important particular of promptitude.—*Edit. Kal.*

[FROM THE GLASGOW MECHANICS' MAGAZINE.]

REMARKS ON THE MEANS OF RECOVERING LIFE AFTER IMMERSION IN WATER.

By William Mackenzie.

Andersonian Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, and one of the Surgeons to the Glasgow Eye Infirmary.

In relating the very numerous instances of loss of life from drowning, it is frequently mentioned that "the body was conveyed to a neighbouring house," or to a "surgeon's shop," and that "every means used for the restoration of life proved ineffectual." It occurs to me that the very conveyance mentioned is often the cause of the want of success, and that, were the proper means instantly to be had recourse to on taking the body out of the water, recovery would be much more likely to follow.

Accidents of this kind always come unexpectedly—they come with a loud demand on every passer-by to assist in the recalling of the spark of life; but as it is supposed by most people that the treatment of such a case requires something very difficult to be done, this demand is unfortunately too often made in vain.

It is now generally known that the delicately-sensible chink of the windpipe shuts completely against the admission of water into the lungs. The person dies, not so much because he is not in the air—he dies, not because he is filled with water, as the vulgar once supposed, but because he has been deprived of the atmospheric air.

Almost immediately on being immersed, the person first of all expels a portion of air from his lungs in consequence of the instinctive necessity of a partial renewal of the quantity which is already there: he next makes an attempt to inspire, but a natural inspiration it is impossible for him to make in his present circumstances; the consequence of his attempt at inspiration is, that the water rushes into his mouth and nostrils; but against that foreign fluid the chink of the windpipe shuts with instantaneous convulsion. The demand for renewed air by the lungs is now repeated; the air in the lungs is still more unfit by this time for purifying the blood which is there waiting for the performance of that process; an effort is again made by the person to expire a quantity of that air, this empties the lungs still farther, and now another attempt is made to inspire, but in vain. A repeated expiration, and a repeated attempt at an inspiration which is impossible, constitute the process of exhaustion. A very few repetitions of this process takes place, the blood rests unpurified, the person drops, and but too often drops never to be re-animated.

There is a striking resemblance between the state of a body in which respiration has been thus suspended, and the state of a child before respiration has commenced. In both cases the lungs are collapsed; in the fœtus no doubt much more than in the adult, yet the analogy is striking: the more so, that, in order to restore life in the one case, we must produce exactly the same train of changes by which respiration was first established, and an independent life first called into play in the other. We must remove the collapsed state of the lungs; we must furnish them with that fluid by which alone they can effect the necessary change on the accumulated blood which they already contain. A little venous blood has already run, no doubt, through the heart and into the arteries; and it is probably this very cause which sometimes renders re-animation impossible, even after the lungs are dilated; for the venous blood is the most deadly poison to those parts which were wont to be touched only by arterial blood. But the important fact is, that the vessels of the lungs are now turgid with venous blood, and that this one process only is capable of driving it through them—*the expansion of the cells of the lungs, by air.*

This, in his present state, the person cannot do for himself, and some one must do it for him. There is still a degree of irritability lingering in the lungs, and in the blood-vessels which ramify through them; but it is a very fleeting irritability. There is no time to go in search of bellows, by introducing which into one of the nostrils the lungs might be inflated, or of any flexible tube, such as a gum-elastic catheter, which might be bent through the mouth, or through the nose, into the chink of the windpipe—a contrivance which, if employed within a certain time for inflating the lungs, would generally secure the return of life. The man is dragged up on the bank of the water, and what we can do must be done now or never. Close his mouth, press back the top of his windpipe that the air may not run down through his gullet merely into his stomach, put your mouth to his nostrils, and blow with force and for some time. This, I conceive, is what we have to do, and what we ought to repeat; and if this do not succeed in exciting first of all a convulsive sob, and then a gradual and difficult renewal of respiration, I am afraid that no other means will succeed.

We may have no assistant; we may be alone, with the seemingly dead person stretched out before us; and as this seeming death may in a few minutes end in a real death, we must instantly have recourse to the chief means for re-animation. I have no hesitation in saying that means is—*Inflation of the Lungs.* If luckily any bent or flexible tube be at hand, such as a catheter, it is to be introduced into the windpipe. The left forefinger being carried backwards and downwards over the tongue, the epiglottis will be felt, close behind which the tube is to be introduced and pushed down in the windpipe for an inch or an inch and a half. Then through the tube air is to be blown.

If we have the assistance of another person, or of several persons, they ought not to be idle. Let one of them, kneeling down behind the inanimate person, endeavour to make the chest imitate the alternate enlargement and diminution which it undergoes in natural inspiration and expiration—laying hold of the ribs on each side, and endeavouring first of all to raise them and dilate the chest at the moment when the chief operator is blowing into the nostrils or through the tube, and then allowing the ribs to descend, pressing them at the same time inwards, and pressing the belly back. These things our first assistant must continue, as long as we continue our attempts directly to fill the cells of the lungs with air.

The other assistants, if others there happen to be, may dry and warm the body; and, if opportunity serves, a glister of warm wine may be administered: but let nothing interfere with the attempt to restore respiration.

I should never spend time in conveying the body to a house, nor should I set about drawing blood from the person's arm, nor should I be very anxious about restoring to him his natural warmth. The time which might be occupied in re-exciting respiration, which, if re-excited, will restore not only heat, but life, ought not to be taken up in any thing of inferior importance.

To read the directions which are published for the treatment of such cases, one might suppose deliberation and decorum as necessary as promptitude and effectual interference. We are told first of all to strip the body, to dry it well, and wrap it in the warm clothes of some bystander; after it has arrived at the house, where we are to follow out our attempts towards resuscitation, we are directed to lay it on a mattress, or on a double blanket spread upon a table, in a room where there is a fire. But in doing all this, we must take the utmost care that any degree of friction employed be of so gentle a kind as not to propel the blood towards the already distended heart.

Now, in place of all these, and many other long-winded directions, I would simply say, Inflate the Lungs.

The same method is to be followed in cases of suffocation by foul air, only let it be carefully recollected, that in such cases it has been found one of the best restoratives to dash cold water in pailfuls over the surface of the body.

Sprouli's-court, 23d June 1826.

Poetry.

REFLECTIONS WHEN ABOUT TO READ LORD BYRON'S MEMOIRS OF HIMSELF.

Our readers will recollect that the noble poet bequeathed his "Life" to Thomas Moore, Esq. stipulating that the volume should not be published until his decease. Moore, with a chivalrous feeling highly honourable to his character, committed the MS. to the flames, in compliance with the request of some interested relatives of Lord Byron, and, however deeply the admirers of Byron's genius, and the lovers of literature, may deplore that sacrifice, they cannot but honour the motive which induced Ireland's Anacreon to make it, the more particularly as he had previously sold the copyright to Longman and Co. for 3,000 guineas. The person at whose instance Mr. Moore destroyed the MS. offered to reimburse him for the loss he thus sustained, or to purchase the work, but he peremptorily declined those offers, and took on himself to settle with Longman and Co.

The following lines were written at Venice, by Ireland's Poet:—

Let me, a moment—ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—
As one, in Fairy tale, to whom the key
  Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,
Doubts, while he enters slowly tremblingly,
  If we shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—
Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
Over the wide earth this instant, who would give
Gladly, whole sleepless nights, to bend the brow
Over those precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?—
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like Psaphon's birds,* speaking their master's name
In ev'ry language;—syllabled by Fame?—
How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd
Within the circle of that splendid mind,
Like pow'rs derived from may a star, and met
Together in some wondrous amulet,
Would burn to know when first the light awoke
In his young soul, and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, rais'd
More bliss or pain in those on whom they blaz'd—
Would love to trace th' unfolding of that pow'r
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour,
And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,
  As did th' Egyptian traveller,† when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance
  The first small fountains of that mighty flood.
They, too, who, mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
  In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,
As if the star of bitterness, which fell
  On earth of gold, had touch'd them with its beams,
Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;
And which, e'en now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out at times, in Love's own native light—
How gladly all, who've watch'd these struggling rays
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit, through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
  What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse—
  Like some fair orb that once a sun in heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur, lasts
Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which its casts.
Eventful Volume!—whatsoe'r the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange—
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
The loves, the feuds, thy pages may unfold,
If truth, with half so prompt a hand, unlocks
  His virtues as his failings—we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
  And enmities, like sun-touched snow, resign'd—
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,
In those who serv'd him young, and serve him still—
Of generous aid, given with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride to many a wounded heart—
Of acts—but no—*not* from himself must aught
Of the bright features of his life be sought.
While they who court the world, like Milton's* cloud,
"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
This gifted being wraps himself in night,
  And, keeping all that softens and adorns,
And gilds his social nature, hid from sight,
  Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

* "——————" Did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?"—*Comus.*

* Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them fly away in various directions.

† Bruce.

M'CARTHY'S DREAM, LEGEND OF A BANCHEE, &c.

Our arrangements last week obliged us to break off this bagatelle in the middle of a sentence, as our readers may perceive, by comparing the present portion with the preceding.

CANTO FIRST.

"My muses do not care a pinch of rosin
About what's called success, or not succeeding."
Don Juan

"Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt a Gadibus, usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignocere possunt
Vera bona * * * * * * *" *Juvenal.*

Our busy nation—my pen should have been
  Rivals to Hogarth's pencil, to display
A single sketch. Amongst the crowd was seen
  A farmer's wife, who, with unfeigned dismay
Stamped in her features, never ceased the keen,
  But roared most piteously. All begged she'd say
What dire woes disturbed her; and, at this request,
She blubber'd forth with heavy throbbing breast:

"This morning sun scarce rose—alas, my grief!
  When I got up, to arrange our little stock
Of sheep and fowls, I little thought a thief
  Had stolen away the pride of all my flock,
Two fine male birds, of feathered tribe the chief,
  My noble gander, and my turkey-cock;
They were the primest breeders in the nation—
The neighbours prized them for their propagation."

Here did the story of her trouble end;
  Many disasters followed her recount,
From other neighbours, but I don't intend
  To lay them down in rhyme, they would amount
To twenty verses, and perhaps offend
  My reader's taste, which may, ere now, account
My pen excursive, and I would not blend,
  In dull or cloudy chaos, too much subject,
  As that is adverse to a poem's object.

Around the couch where Charley lay, assembled
  The immediate friends of our departed hero,
Who mourned in *silence*, they had not dissembled
  Crocodile sorrow; enim ille vero
Dolore distat, yet their grief resembled
  Not frigid apathy, which approaches zero;
For though no noisy moans mixed with their weeping,
The tears flowed fast. Thus all were keeping

Their midnight watch. The lamps were burning pale,
  And shedding death-like lustre o'er the room,
And ever and anon the wintry gale
  Buzzed through the casement, adding to the gloom;
It seemed to mingle in the gen'ral wail.
  Each fixed his thoughts on death, and on the tomb;
When suddenly from his pillow Charley rears
His ghastly head, and to them all appears.

A living corpse!—to reach the door they strive,
  And in the struggle, with indiscrimination
Upset their neighbours—not unlike a hive
  Of bees about a bed of sweet carnations,
Did each contend precedence to derive
  In this disaster. Such dire consternation
Could not have been exceeded, since the period,
When, in Judea, issued forth a myriad

Of buried bodies. Charley was amazed,
  And could not solve this very curious ch'rade:
When, after having round the bed-room gazed,
  He saw the coffin, which his friends had made
To case his lifeless carcase. Up he raised
  His shrowded body, which displayed
A dread appearance. "Surely I was dreaming"
He roared aloud. But still that dream was teeming
With woeful mystery. "Let some one send
  My mother here, as I must soon unload
My mind of heavy burdens, and amend
  My illspent life. I feel the poignant goad
Of agonizing conscience, which would rend
  The heart most obdurate; and, like a toad,
Sink deep the poisoned venom in the guilty mind,
And ne'er reject the grappled victim, till it find

Innate contrite repentance." Thus far he spake,
  And, by that speech, showed what a sudden change,
A reformation, had begun to wake,
  Within his fickle system, and estrange
His disposition. Still he appeared to ache
  With hidden torture—wild fancies seemed to range,
To rack his brain, and threaten quick perdition
In all th'array of idle superstition.

We now must seek the mother;—she retired
  When Charley breathed his final inspiration,
As all had thought. In private she desired
  To tell her woe, and pray for his salvation,
E'en now it is a custom much admired,
  Which I saw practised on a late occasion,
When inmates die, to quit the scene of sorrow,
Enter your chamber, to repose, and borrow

Some balmy consolation from a slumber,
  And thus, by artful counterfeit affliction,
Avoid much plague and trouble, nor encumber
  Yourself with business, while your dereliction
To grief by all's imputed: but why number
  The lady now in question with this herd
  Of modern female weepers? She preferred

Her bed-room, that in secret she may vent
  A mother's martyrdom. Here did she remain,
Until the servant, who had just been sent
  To summon her, appeared, and, in a strain
Of well affected joy, counselled content,
  For that her son recovered, and again
Could use his tongue. He wished her present,
To attend the queer rehearsal of his recent

Adventures; for although his body lay
  A lifeless, stupid log, his spirit roved
In grounds which lie beyond the milky way,
  And with ethereal heavenly bodies moved.
The servant finished here. Without delay
  The mother fled to greet the son she loved:
Her eye (the moment previous dim'd with tears)
Resumed its wonted lustre, and appears

Brightly pellucid—while adown her cheek
  Trickled a pearly drop, sketching with skill
The strange transitions of an April week—
  Such a metamorphose did* it fulfil
As frequently we notice in a meek
  And lovely fair one's countenance, who will
By chance at service,† turning from her prayers,
Behold a red coat standing on the stairs.

* Her eye.

† Meant for church, by poetic license.

[END OF CANTO FIRST.]

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

BEING A LOOSE TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH EPIGRAM, "L'IVROGNE MALADE,' IN THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF JULY 4.

Says a learned M.D.
  To a sick debauchee,
"If you wish for long life, mend your ways;
  Nor again play the rake,
  For the *less* wine you take,
The *more* will you lengthen your days."
  Quoth the patient, "Egad!
  That is true, my old lad,
For that day when, my wife to content,
  I took but one bottle
  To moisten my throttle,
Was the *longest* day I ever spent."

MORAL.

How prudent soever good counsel may be,
  Your libertine's sure to make sport on't;
If his habits it thwarts, 'tis all fiddle-de-dee,
  And "that's the *long* and the *short* on't."

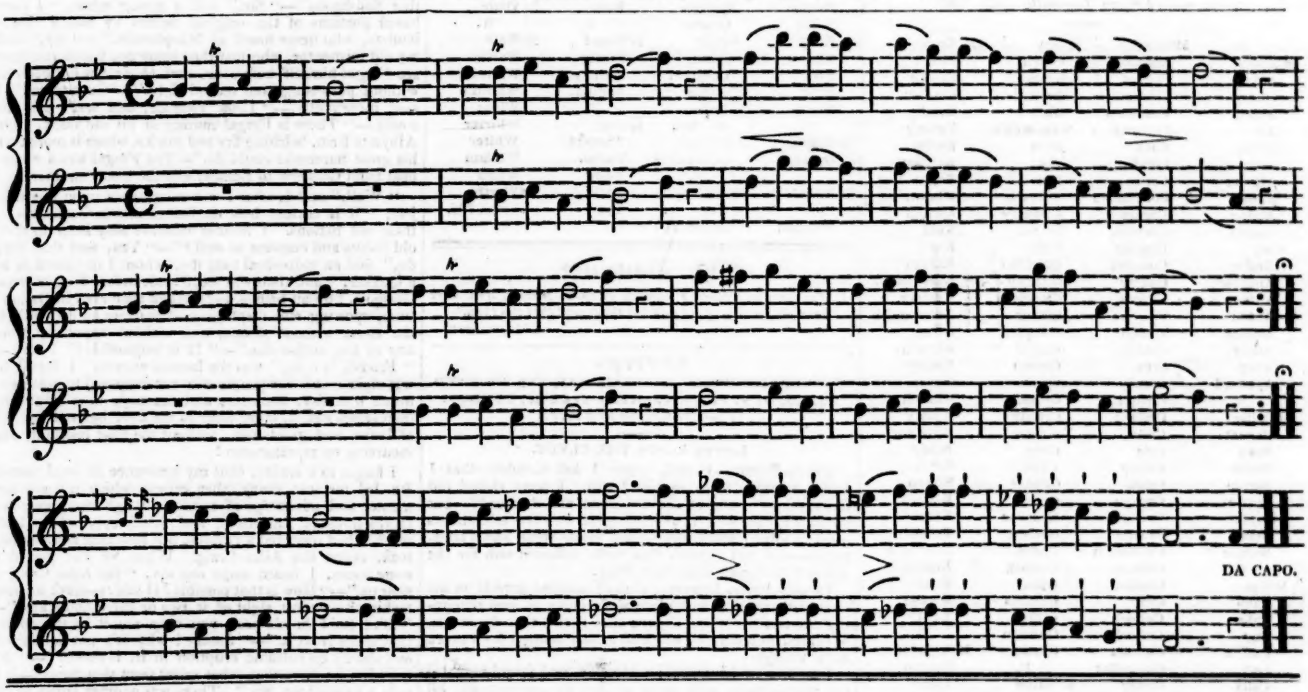
Another Version, rejecting the redundant language of the original.

A drunkard's doctor gave this precept strong,
"Drink less, and thus you will your *days prolong*."
"True," quoth the toper—"yesterday my clay
Imbibed one bottle only—and I say,
I never passed so horrid *long* a *day*."

W.

FLUTE DUET.

COMPOSED FOR THE KALEIDOSCOPE, BY * * Y, OF LIVERPOOL.



The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

SOLUTION TO GAME XCIX.

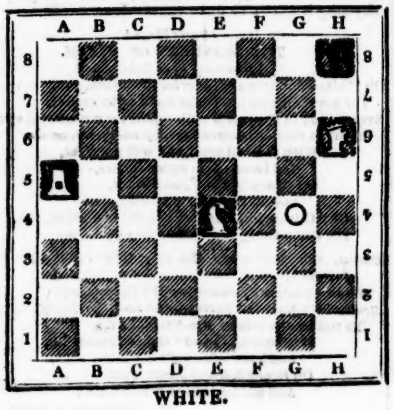
White.	*Black.*
1 Knight, B 4.....C—6	1 King, B 7.....C—8
2 Castle .....C—7	2 King .....C—7
3 Castle .....D—7	3 King .....C—8
4 Knight.....E—7	4 King .....B—8
5 Knight... E 5... C—6	5 King .....A—8
6 Castle .....A—7	MATE.

[NO. C.]

Communicated by a Correspondent.

The white to give checkmate *with the pawn* in four moves.

Black.



WHITE.

COBBETT'S CHARACTER OF THE LIVERPOOL MERCHANTS.

Extract from the Register, June 8

"I except Liverpool, however, as being, generally speaking, a very vile place, a villanous borough, inhabited by a parcel of people that have neither public spirit nor private virtue.

"The gang of merchants at Liverpool," says he, "ape the Royal Exchange fellows of London; are equal to them in baseness towards the people at large, and exceed them in stupidity and insolence. I thank God that they are following fast in the steps of ruin and beggary; for until these gangs be completely pulled down—until events come, that will *send the far greater part of them to sweep the streets*, there can be no chance of the country recovering its liberties."

This is Cobbett every inch. We have long suspected that the grand panacea of this fellow, for remedying the national evils, was something of this description. In the same *Register* where Liverpool is thus complimented, Manchester is called "a hell-hole."

THE SEA SERPENT.

We had lately the hardihood to express our firm belief of the existence of some immense marine animal, known by the name of the sea serpent, which so many persons declare that they have seen, at various times, and of various dimensions. The last week has brought us a further confirmation of the fact.—"Capt. Holdridge, of the ship Silas Richards, which arrived yesterday (June 20th) from Liverpool, states, that, in passing George's Banks, five days since, he had a fair view of the sea serpent. It was about ten rods from the ship, the sea perfectly calm, and that part which appeared out of water about sixty feet in length. The head and protuberances were similar to the representations which have frequently been given of him by persons who had seen him near Cape Ann. He was going at a slow rate, and appeared unmindful of the ship. He was visible about seven minutes to the passengers and crew, who were on deck at the time. A certificate has been drawn up, and signed by the passengers, which, with a drawing made by one of the gentlemen, gives a minute description of the serpent, as seen by them. The number and credibility of the witnesses place beyond all doubt the existence of such an animal as the sea serpent."—*New York, June 21, 1826.*

Miscellanies.

Mathematical Question.—In a plain triangle there are given the base (= 20) the sum of the other two sides (= 25) and the angle, which a line drawn from the vertex to the middle of the base, makes, with the base, = 67 deg. 30 min. Required the geometrical construction, and a direct solution, of the triangle.

Going through Euclid.—Two gentlemen the other day conversing together, one asked the other if ever he had "gone through Euclid?" The reply was, "I have never been farther from Liverpool than Runcorn, and I don't recollect any place of that name between Liverpool and there."

Flight of Locusts.—A private letter, dated at Baroda, mentions that the cloud of locusts, which has been hovering for nearly two months over different parts of the province of Guzeratt, passed over that city on the 23d ult. The writer calculates that the cloud must have covered 10 square miles, which, allowing only one locust for a square inch, would give more than 40,000 millions!—from observing them as they passed a very tall flag-staff, so far as the eye was capable of judging, they appeared to be equally thick fifty feet above the ground, as they were at twelve or twenty. The insects are said to have done little or no injury at Baroda, but to have passed onward with a steady flight, their course being from the south-east and towards the north-east, diverging from the right line of their route on reaching the city, the smoke and uproar of which may probably explain the change. Before their approach, and after their departure, their appearance was precisely that of immense and heavy clouds of dense smoke all along the horizon.—*From a Bombay paper of Jan. 21.*

CELTIC SURNAMES.

(ARRANGED FOR THE KALEIDOSCOPE BY M'Q.

*Those marked * are frequently wrote "Mac."*

A.
M'Abren
Adam
Affrey
Ainsh
Ail
Allan
Allen
Allister
Alpin
Alpine
Amley
*An
Andre
Andrew
Annaly
Ardell
Arthur
Auley
Avoy
Aylward

B.
M'Baine
Barnet
Bean
Beath
Bernie
Braire
Bride
Brin
Burnie

C.
M'Cas
Cabb
Cabe
Cag
Caggie
Call
Calla
Calley
Callom
Callum
Calman
Candy
Cance
Cane
Cann,
Cara
Cardy
Carley
Carter
Cartey
Carthey
Cartney
Caskill
Caskin
Casky
Cauley
Causland
Caw
Cheyne
Chrystall
Clae
Clachlan
Clagan
Clean
Cleary
Cleish
Cleland
Clenham
Cleverley
Clew
Cley
Climont
Clinchy
Clinloch
Closky
Clow
Clue
Cog
Coll
Colla
Com
Comb
Comie
Couchey
M'Couchy
Connal
Connel
Connony
Conochie
Conway
Cook
Corchy
Cord
Corkindale
Cormach
Cornich
Couchy
Counick
Courty
Cowan
Cowen
Craith
Craken
Crea
Cready
Creagh
Creight
Crew
Crie
Criery
Crish
Crokan
Crone
Crostie
Crummon
Cubbie
Cubbin
Cuer
Culloch
Cullock
Cullogh
Cumming
Curdy
Curran
Currie
Cutchie

D.
M'Daniel
Demied
Dermont
Devind
Donagh
Donaghue
*Donald
*Donnell
*Dougal
*Dougald
Dougart
Dowall
Dowell
Duff
Duffie

E.
M'Eachen
Eachrone
Edward
Enterget
Euoy
Eury
Evan

F.
M'Fadzean
Fail
Farlane
Farling
Farquhar
Feat
Fergus
Fie
Fun

G.
M'Gachen
*Gaimon
Gale
Garraway
Garry
Gauley
Gavin
Geachy
Geary
M'Gee
Geoch
George
Gerity
Ghee
*Ghlasirick
Gibb
Gie
Gill
Gillewie
Gilliuray
Gilpin
Gish
Glachlan
Glashan
Glaughan
Gleary
Goldrich
Gorrie
Gowan
Grath
Greachy
Gready
Gregor
Grey
Griffith
Gruder
Gruer
Gruther
Guchin
Guffie
Guffock
Guin
Guiness
Guire
Gunnan
Gustie

H.
M'Hallie
Hardy
Harg
Heugharn
Hoed
Holm
Hugh
Hury

I.
M'Ildonish
Ilney
Ilquhan
Ilrealre
Ilreath
Ilree
Ilroy
Ilusin
Ilhuoin
Ilnoyne
Iluride
Ilwraith
Indoe
Inlay
Innes
Inroy
Intosh
Intyre
Isaac
Iver

J.
M'Janet

K.
M'Kaddy
Kain
*Kay
Kean
Kechney
Kee
Keegh
Keeneris
Keith
Kellar
Kelvey
Kendrick
Kenna
Kenneth
Kenney
Kenzie
M'Keon
Keone
Keown
Kerchan
Kerely
Kereny
Kerras
Kerrow
Key
Kibben
Kichen
Kidd
Kie
Killean
Killevichell
Killigan
Killmantich
Lillop
Kilveen
Kinlay
Kinnel
Kinnon
Kinsey
Kinstroy
Kirdy
Kirgo
Kirren
Kissack
Kleen
Knight
Konachie
Korkill
Krell
Krense
Krill

L.
M'Lachlan
Laggan
Laine
Laren
Larty
Latchie
Latty
Laughlin
Laurin
Lea
Lean
Leay
Lehose
Leish
Leland
Lellan
Leod
Lennan
Leroth
Leroy
Lone
Lorinam
Loughlin
Lucas
Luckie
*Lure

M.
M'Mahon
Manna
Master
Men
*Meron
Michau
Mickau
Miley
Millian
Minn
Monagle
Moreland
Morine
Morris
Moultrie
Mullen
Murdo
Murphy

N.
M'Nab
Nailly
Nair
Namara
M'Natty
Naught
Naughton
Neal
Neillage
Neillie
Neilly
Nicol
Niel
Nish
Niur
Nulty

O.
M'Omish
Owen

P.
M'Peach
Phail
Phazean
M'Pherson
Phie
Phun

Q.
M'Quaid
Quarrie
Quartel
*Quay
Queen
Question
Quhae
Quhoe
Quibbon
Quillin
Quilton

R.
M'Rae
Ray
Reynolds
M'Ritchie
Rob
Robert
Robie
Robin
Rory

S.
M'Shane
Screby
Swiney
Symon

T.
M'Tag
Taggart
Tavish
Tean
Turk
Tyer

V.
M'Veagh
Vean
Vey
Vicar
Vittie

W.
M'Watt
Wattie
Whinnel
Whinnie
Whirr
Whirter
Whiter
William
Willie
*Worth

Total, 395.

The Bouquet.

I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

LETTERS

FROM CHRISTOPHER CRUICKSHANKS, ESQ. TO FRED. FULLOPHUN, ESQ. ST. JAMES'S-STREET, LONDON.

[*From the Glasgow Free Press.*]

LETTER I.—ON THE CLYDE.

DEAR FRED.—I said, when I left London, that I would astonish thee, and so I will. I have visited old Caledonia—"Land of the mountain and the flood"—but *not* of "my sires." I have mingled with the inhabitants—taken some *human* views—and made some *social* landscapes—and can furnish thee with sufficient talk for the whole Kensington Club for a week.

In this letter, however, I shall confine myself to the circumstances that took place while going to, and remaining in, one river—*the Clyde*; and I trust that Augustus, William, and thyself, will find matter enough for a seven days' wonder.

I arrived in Liverpool on Monday, and found many of the intellectuals, and more of the *un*-intellectuals, all agog with the presence of Huskisson and Randolph. The latter, who is considered *insane* in America, was found to possess much *wisdom* in Liverpool. He was looked upon as a political philosopher, called, *par excellence*, "a sage," compared to the great men of ancient ages, and declared to be as full as they were of Delphic prescience, and like them an adept in Delphic oratory. Huskisson paid homage to the new American idol, precisely, I suppose, because it was *new*; and just in the same way as he pays homage to all other *untried* men and measures *without examination*. But hold! I am showing, you will say, my politics—my thick-and-thin*ism* to the old school. Be it so: I prefer experience to experiment.

Well, I got out of the *Mersey*—and a *mercy* it was I got out, for the vessel ran foul of another of larger bulk, but smaller power. I longed to see "*Henry Bell*," the founder or rather original adapter, of steam navigation in Scotland, and found I had felt him.—"What is that?" I exclaimed on receiving the shock. "*Henry Bell*," was the reply.—"How can that be?" I roared out. "How can Mr. Bell be the cause of the collision?"—"It was the Henry Bell steam-boat," said a passenger; "but we need not fear him, as we are on board a *Majestic* vessel, able to overcome all accidents, commanded as it is by an individual who is *more* than *man*, though *less* than *woman*."—"Indeed," says I, "what is his name?" Captain "*Oman*" was the reply.

Well, we got into the Clyde, and passed *Rothsay*, where Kean, the tragedian, I learnt, had built a house in a situation which no one else would have chosen but for a grave. Some people, indeed, are so wicked as to hint that it was for some such purpose he designed it, and that his wife was to be the living tenant, in which she was to keep up the character of *Isabella* in the *Mourning Bride*, while he paid his *Lover's Vows* elsewhere.

I was thinking upon the calumnies of the world, and trusting in a few hours to arrive at Glasgow, when a voice near me exclaimed—"There is the *City of Glasgow!*"—"Indeed!" I exclaimed, "are we so near?"—"Yes," said my former tormentor, "do you not see the smoke?"—"No," I responded.—"No! why there are *Glasgow and Carlisle* both before you."—"Impossible," I indignantly exclaimed.—"Not so very impossible," he repeated: "that vessel you see there is the *City of Glasgow*, commanded by *Captain Carlile*."—"Oh!"

My tormentor stuck to me, taking advantage of my ignorance of the coast, &c. In order to avoid him, I attached myself to some fine young girls who were on board, and began quizzing them upon the old forgery of Macpherson.—"Ossian," I said, "was as well understood, and as much believed *now*, as Prophet Roberts, or Mother Southcote."—"Sir," said a young minx, "I have heard portions of the original recited by native Highlanders, who never heard of Macpherson."—"Ay," said my old tormentor, who just then came up, "and you may see *Fingal* himself before us, and *Oscar* not far behind, without possessing even second sight."—"Nonsense!" I said indignantly.—"Look yourself, and see," said he coolly.—"There is Fingal coming in his old track, from Albyn to Erin, belching fire and smoke, which is more than his great namesake could do."—The Fingal was a steam-boat from Glasgow to Belfast, and the Oscar another.

"Well," said I, after I was enlightened upon this subject, "it is curious how the Scotch attach themselves to their old fictions. I wonder whether they keep up their old habits and customs as well?"—"Yea, and that they do," said an individual near me, whom I imagined to be a Quaker, "and thou wilt see, friend, before thou enterest Glasgow, human beings more naked than even in Ossian's time, sporting and displaying themselves on each side of the river, without shame, and without opposition from any of the authorities."—"It is impossible!" I said.—"Friend, it is so," was the laconic answer. I found he was right; and the people who are supposed to possess so much morality, decorum, and decency, were exhibiting themselves naked, every hour of the day, before hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, without the least restraint, and incurring no reprehension!

I forgot to mention, that my ignorance of local names, &c. led me into many other errors, which my old tormentor took advantage of to raise a laugh at my expense. In the midst of the ocean, and nearly opposite the Irish coast, I had observed a curious, but immense and desolate rock, called the Ailsa Craig. When we had passed it some hours, I heard some one say, "the Ailsa Craig is near us."—"How is that possible? (I said:)—have we been tacking?—we lost sight of it two or three hours ago."—"Oh! (said the old pest) you may see it by the smoke that arises from it."—"Smoke! why it's not inhabited, and there's no volcanic eruption in it, is there?"—"No (said he) no more than what arises from that funnel—it is only a steam-boat, Sir." There was another laugh at my expense; but I think I could turn the tables in this instance; for who would think of calling a steam-vessel by the name of a barren rock, at which no boat touches, and which excites no other feeling than wonder or terror?

I determined to avoid this fellow, and so joined myself to a company of Bacchanalians, who were drinking a strong potation of whiskey and water, in a room adjoining the cabin; I found my new companions pretty glorious, hence I consented to take a glass with them, feeling quite satisfied I would see them under the table before I was any way affected myself. Every body was talking, and none listening;—at last a man at the head of the table called out for a song. "A song," "a song," echoed the whole company; "Come, David, give us a song," said the president, addressing a heavy looking, sly, and pawky personage who sat near me.—"Fact, you know I can't sing."—"Paha, Davie; come, man, gie us a sang, or ye ken we'll no anchor at the *Anchor* to-night?"—"Well, if I must, I must. Blin' Alock comes our way when he's drouthy, and so for a gill and a few bawbees I gart him tip me ane about the Steam Boats, which I'll gie ye—ye may sing it to twa or three tunes—I use twa."

(Davie Sings.)

THE WONDERS OF STEAM.

A New Song to an Old Chaunt.

Oh! this steam, it is a wonderful invention, sirs,
For governing all nature by hook or by crook;
Every thing in the world philosophers can mention, sirs,
Is put in motion, now-a-days, by *smoke*, sir, *smoke*.
With fire and smoke all will grow fat,
And have a firm reliance, sirs,
On *Henry Bell* and *Jamie Watt*,
And all the sons of science, sirs.
Oh! this steam, it is a wonderful invention, sirs,
For every thing is governed now by *smoke*.

Castles, rolling through the sea, they fume like mighty furnaces,
While *Crags* are locomotive like Paddy's bog;
Benlomond's Mountain moves—and now the *Leven's* turn it is
To roll by the side of *Ben-Nevis* in a fog.
With fire and smoke they will grow fat,
And have a firm reliance, sirs,
On *Henry Bell* and *Jamie Watt*,
And all the sons of science, sirs,
Oh! this steam, it is, &c.

Warriors, of ancient days, have come again to frighten us—
Sampson, and *Hercules*, and *Oscar* so brave—
Fingal, the mighty chief, with an *Eclipse* to enlighten us,
Is riding once more on *Erin's* green wave.
With fire and smoke they will grow fat,
And have a firm reliance, sirs,
On *Henry Bell* and *Jamie Watt*,
And all the sons of science, sirs,
Oh! this steam, it is, &c.

Society is upside down, the world is topsy-turvy, sirs,
And *Glasgow's* great *city* is ruled by *Carlisle*,
More than a *Man Majestically* will serve ye, sirs,
While *Britannia's* King's not been *Wise* for a while.
With fire and smoke they will grow fat,
And have a firm reliance, sirs,
On *Henry Bell* and *Jamie Watt*,
And all the sons of science, sirs,
Oh! this is steam, it is, &c.

Fighting men, and writing men, and Irishmen and Scotchmen,
Will *smoke together* now in harmony;
Robert Bruce, and *Sir John Moore*, *George Canning*, and all such men
As in the *United Kingdom* you'd wish to see.
With fire and smoke they will grow fat,
And have a firm reliance, sirs,
On *Henry Bell* and *Jamie Watt*,
And all the sons of science, sirs,
Oh! this steam, it is, &c.

Printing presses, moved by it, show wonders in typography;
And many a *devil* finds "his vocation's" gone;
Cotton-mills and whiskey-stills—and more, it can transmogrify,
A *weaver of lawns* to be a *breaker of stone*.
With fire and smoke he'll not get fat,
But have a firm reliance, sirs,
On *Henry Bell* and *Jamie Watt*,
And all the sons of science, sirs,
Oh! this is steam, it is, &c.

"When will wonders cease?" you say; I'm sure I cannot answer ye,
But trust that engines still will find new vents every hour;
Our *courts of law* to expedite, and especially the chancery;
May the Chancellor's wig get fifty *horse power!*
With fire and smoke he will grow fat,
And have a firm reliance, sirs,
On *Henry Bell* and *Jamie Watt*,
And all the sons of science, sirs,
Oh! this steam, it is, &c.

"Very good, David, very good—your health and sang, David—here's to you—here's to you: hech, man, that's a braw stave, and ye sing it like a nightingale, David."—"Well, David (said the president) gie's a toast now, after that." David scratched his head, and said,—"Weel, gentlemen, I'll just gie you—the Steam-engine, and may we laugh and grow fat from the possession of it."—"Good, good; the Steam-engine, with three times three! here goes," said the whole company. "That Blin' Aleck's an awfu' chiel (said one at my right hand) how could he ken about Captain Wyse leaving the Britannia, and mak sic a maist disloyal pun upon it?" "Oh! (said another, whom I asked who "Blin' Aleck,' as they called him, was) he is the Homer of Glasgow; he wanders about his native city, like the immortal Grecian, composing, and singing as he composes, to the music of his violin. His verses, like those of his great prototype, are generally devoted to the splendid achievements of the heroes of his age, —Wellington, Nelson, Abercrombie, Graham, &c. and he seems to have precisely the same hatred to the French which the Prince of Poets had to the Trojans: he is quite an original, I assure you." I was glad to hear this account, as I had heard that Glasgow was an unpoetical place.—"I will see this wandering troubadour, and try to get some of his verses," said I. Several other songs were sung; at last I was called on,—and whether from the effects of the strange drink, called Toddy, which I had been taking, or from a wish to get rid of their importunities, I sung the following, which I parodied on the occasion:—

When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh, bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her I fed upon whiskey and wine,
And died one day by drinking small beer.
Bid her, oh, bid her, my dear honest fellow,
If still my fond widow she'd faithful remain;
To rise in the morning, and go to bed—mellow,
And never drink water with whiskey again.

I could get through no more, and so they excused the rest, and I found I had fallen asleep, for the next thing I remember was sitting at the table, all the company having gone save a tall countryman, and the aforesaid David, between whom the following dialogue took place, which I (pretending to remain asleep) took notes of, to amuse you all, as it throws some light on the local topics of this place:

Countryman.—That's a braw chiel that Englisher—wow! but it was a droll sang ye gaed us—could ye na gie us a copy?

David.—If ye'll come to the *Anchor*, I'll get ye a copy if I can—but Aleck never writes—the puir body's blin', and canna.

C.—Ay, ye were saying as muckle—weel, mair's the pity. Can naething be done for him?

David.—Not that I ken o' He's aye welcome to a dram our way, ony gate. The puir fallow mentioned the weavers that are waur aff nor him—they are sair to be pitied, man,—it's an unco while sin ony o'them hae ventured to ca' for a gill, as they ance did—they're amaist starving.

C.—It's e'en ower true. It's a wunner that the members o' Parliament, now they are doun, dinna inquire into their state, to bring it afore the House.

David.—It's o' nae use—ilka ane kens. Besides, Campbell o' Blythswood has something else to do just now. He's a gay good-humoured, hearty—an' mair than a'—a benevolent man; but he's scarcely fit, in my mind, to represent sic a great city, wi' sic important interests, an' sic a waefu' population as Glasgow. No that I care muckle about his no speechifying, for it's been aye a maxim wi' me, the mair blethering the less reckoning; but he's ower easy, gude man, an' canna be fash'd wi' sic great subjects.

C.—Ay, ye say true, Mr. —, I beg your pardon.—What's your name?

David.—Mackintosh—David Mackintosh; folks in their daffing aye ca' me Davie.

C.—Weel, Mr. Mackintosh, I'll uphaud ye say true. Here am I, a puir exciseman, o' sax years' standing, an' I'm just getting £90 a year, while every whipper-strapper o' an Englisher gets £120 amaist frae the first, wi' nae experience, an' e'en as little sagacity; an' they come ower here, too, to push us frae our stools. 'Od, an' I were a member, I wad see about sic doings, an' no permit the like o't. It's a clean gieing up o' our rights and privileges.

David.—Sae it is—sae it is. Ye'll no be in the smuggling line, I guess.

C.—Hout awa, man! no I; an' if I was, I'm no on duty now, ye ken. Ye'll hae few informers about Glasgow?

David.—Ower muckle—ower muckle. Not that I deal i' the contraband. I'd scorn it. "Live an' let live," is aye my motto; but some o' thae chiels are unco fashious at times about signs, an' sic like. 'Od, I sent ane o' them awa wi' a flea in his lug. The body cam to our close, an' pretended he had muckle in his power. He borrowed a saxpence, an' ca'd for a pint o' Lunnan porter. I winked to the lassie, and she gied him the porter. In twa or three minutes after, I saw the puir creature, wi' his back bent, and his hauns to his sides, crooked like ony camel, ye ken, and he moved aff in that style. "Ye'll nae forget the saxpence (I roared after him) or the bawbees for the porter." The deil a word he spak; and I leuch till I grat again, on seeing a memorandum by the lassie—"twa pennies for jalap to the broken gauger."

At this moment the vessel gave a violent pitch, and I could feign sleep no longer—however, another local circumstance took place, which I will give you in my next.

Tell Tom to send my Manton. The shooting season will soon begin, and I don't intend to leave Scotland before the end of September.—Love to the Ladies.

Excuse haste and the bottom of the paper.—Your's ever, CHRIST. CRUICKSHANKS.

Glasgow, 6th July, 1826.

Men and Manners.

THE PARISH CLERK.

NO. I.

In the year 182- I was appointed assistant to the parish clerk of —— church, situated in the most populous town of L——shire. The present clerk had filled the office for nearly forty years; but towards the end of his career he became so feeble as to be unable to fulfil his duties; I was, therefore, engaged to assist him. From this circumstance a considerable degree of intimacy arose between us, and the good old man had great delight in informing me of all the particular occurrences that had taken place in the church and neighbourhood during his time. Some of these I deemed so interesting that I committed them to writing, and if your readers feel half the pleasure in reading them, as I felt in hearing them narrated, I shall not repine at the task I have undertaken, in attempting to render them worthy of perusal.

But before I proceed to his stories, I will give some account of the parish clerk himself. He was one of those who have no idea beyond their own immediate neighbourhood; and having, during the greater portion of his life, filled the office he then held, his mind was concentrated solely on the church and its affairs: his rector was the greatest man on earth in his estimation; and next to the rector, the churchwardens were peculiarly the objects of his respect. To Dissenters and Catholics he had a great antipathy, and firmly believed in all the wild tales that were circulated respecting them; yet, to do Nehemiah Maple (for such was his name) justice, he bore no ill will towards any person; but the prejudices he had imbibed could never be eradicated, and during the latter years of his existence they seemed to cling closer and closer to him, so that at last even the bare name of Dissenter or Catholic was sure to offend him.

With all his faults, Nehemiah was an open-hearted, generous man; and though his heart was light, it was never closed against the children of adversity. He was a bachelor, and his house was kept by an orphan niece, his sister's only child; for this niece he had a most extravagant fondness, and every thing that could please his Mary was at her command; yet he never suffered her to associate with any of the male sex, frequently declaring there was not a virtuous young man in ——. This opinion arose from the wide spreading of commercial prosperity, and the consequent accumulation of inhabitants in the town, producing characters not of the most estimable description; and Nehemiah's situation at the church made him too frequently a witness of the consequences of an unrestrained intercourse of the sexes with each other; a disappointment, too, in early life, had prejudiced him against the idea of a true and disinterested attachment; and the account of his first and last courtship he related to me soon after my appointment as his assistant.

"It is now," said he, "about forty years since I obtained the office I now hold:—at that time I was an usher in a public school near this town, and from the toil of teaching a number of unruly scholars, and the small allowance I had for the task, I possessed no very enviable situation; but the rugged moments of my employment were smoothed by the thoughts of the bright smile of welcome I should receive when I visited my dear Mary Willday at the twilight hour. Ah! (ejaculated he, pausing in his narrative and soliloquizing,) those were happy days, when blessed with the smiles of her I loved: my labour seemed light, and blissful anticipations of the future filled my soul with joy, in spite of the stern necessity that bound me to my ungracious labour: well, well (sighing) those days are gone never to return. To proceed. Mary Willday was the daughter of my father's early companion and friend: she was, like myself, the child of poverty, and subsisted by the labour of her hands; yet she was dearer to me than all that wealth and power could bestow, and, though humble in her birth, possessed no common share of personal beauty. We had long professed a mutual attachment for each other, and only waited for a favourable change in our circumstances to consummate our happiness by marriage. We were in this state when my predecessor in office died. I immediately offered myself as a candidate for the situation, but with a very small prospect of success; however, I determined to persevere, and made every effort to obtain interest in my favour: owing to these exertions I could not be as regular in my attendance on Mary as heretofore, as I could only make those efforts I deemed advisable in the hours I could spare from my labours at the school.

"I had informed Mary that I was applying for the office of clerk to the church, and she highly applauded

my endeavours; yet I sometimes thought, when after a long but necessary absence I visited her, that there was a shade of gloom on her brow and a coldness in her manner very unusual; but she still breathed nothing but professions of her continued regard, though her colour heightened, and her frame trembled while she spoke. I attributed this change in her behaviour to anxiety respecting my success, and redoubled my efforts. There were twelve candidates for the office, and it was arranged that each should officiate in his turn, in order that their abilities might have a fair trial, so that three months would elapse before the election could take place, (which election, you well know, rests with the congregation of the church.) In the meantime, I continued my efforts with unceasing perseverance, practising myself in the responses to the minister, and receiving instructions in singing, which was a necessary qualification. From this you may be well aware I had but little time to visit Mary, and when I did visit her, I found her each time cooler in her deportment, and less fervent in her professions of attachment. I was much struck with her altered conduct, and frequently pressed for an explanation; this she constantly evaded by inquiries respecting my progress in my new studies, and as our interviews were very short, I always departed unsatisfied.

"At length the day arrived on which I was to make my first essay in public, as a candidate for the office of parish clerk. As I was the last on the list, the election would take place immediately after the evening service was concluded. You may be assured I made every effort to outdo my competitors, and, fortunately, I succeeded. After a short deliberation, I was declared the person elected to possess the office of parish clerk to —— church, together with all the emoluments arising therefrom. My joy was excessive, as I was now able to marry my much-loved Mary without the dread of poverty haunting me. As soon as I was installed into office (which was done that evening) I hastened to impart to my intended wife, whom I had not seen for more than a week, my good fortune. Little did I think that this evening, which had begun so prosperously, would be the most miserable one of my life.

"When I arrived at the house where Mary resided, instead of giving my usual signal I lifted up the latch and entered. Judge what must be my surprise and confusion when I saw her seated with a strange man, who was earnestly speaking, and to whom she was listening with the utmost delight and attention. When they saw me enter, they both sprung up, and the stranger advancing fiercely demanded the cause of my intrusion. I was scarcely able to speak, so much was I agitated by what I saw; but at length I said, pointing to Mary, 'She can best explain.' She covered her face with her hands, but gave no answer. The stranger then demanded my immediate absence. I approached Mary, and said,—'Am I then rejected, when I have at length gained what we both so earnestly wished for?'—'We must part (said she in a voice tremulous with agitation:) never, never can I be your wife: there (pointing towards the stranger) stands one whom I love and whom I cannot forsake: I am bound to him by ties which I can never break: I cannot, cannot forsake him;' and her bosom heaved with convulsive energy. I listened no longer, but rushed out of the house almost distracted, and from that hour I saw her no more."—Nehemiah paused.

Manchester. J. H.

The Kaleidoscope.

CORK SWIMMING COLLAR.—The article on this subject, which appeared in the *Kaleidoscope* of the 27th June, has, we find, been generally copied through the country; and there has been a considerable demand for cork from the dealers in that article. We rather regret this circumstance, because, although the cork collar, as first described in the letter of Mr. Egerton Smith, answers all the purposes stated in that letter, it is susceptible of considerable improvement in a material point; and daily experiments, during the last fortnight, have convinced us that we have brought the apparatus at length to the simplest form of which it is susceptible.

The objection to the first collar which was recommended, and which we have subsequently obviated, is this:—Although, when properly secured down to the shoulders by the bandage or strap, a collar of two pounds and a half, or little more, will support one man effectually, and by the addition of a pound to the cork will possess sufficient buoyancy to support two persons,—still the head is not sufficiently elevated in the water, because the front rim of the collar is not, as it should be, completely immersed in the water. If it be above the surface, it acts, in rough waves, as an inclined plane, over which the water breaks, and splashes over the face. All that is necessary to obviate this, is to depress the collar so that it shall be entirely, or almost entirely under water. This is not easily effected by the straps, or bandages; as it is found, that unless they are drawn so tight as to prove inconvenient, the collar will not lie close to the shoulders, but will rise from them an inch or two. The consequence of this is, that the head of the swimmer is brought too near the level of the water, a circumstance, which although in smooth water immaterial, is of consequence in rough water, or in short breaking waves. We have mentioned this objection with a view either of enabling others to obviate it, or of inducing them to defer the adoption of the collar until we shall lay before our readers the result of our daily experiments, which, together with the advice and suggestions of judicious friends, will, we feel persuaded, enable us in the next *Kaleidoscope* to point out the best remedy for the defect we have stated.

SIR WALTER SCOTT NOT THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, SCOTCH NOVELS,

Our readers must know, that we have uniformly maintained the opinion that the reputed writer is not the actual writer of the Scotch novels, although he may have revised, altered, and prepared them for the press; and also may be the only person connected with them known to the booksellers and publishers. We have, at least to our own thinking, satisfactorily answered the principal arguments which have been advanced to show that Sir Walter Scott, and no other person, must be the "Great Unknown;" and we shall take an early opportunity briefly to recapitulate what we have said on this subject, as it seems that Sir Walter has himself, at length, formally renounced the honour so long awarded him. Although he had, indeed, previously, in presence of his present Majesty, declared that he was not the author of Waverley,—that disavowal was generally considered as a white lie, or yellow lie, as the French have it. However this may be, we fancy the following statement and letter of Sir Walter himself will be conclusive.—*Edit. Kal.*

The first delivery of M. Gasselin's new edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, in 18mo, has appeared in Paris, and does much credit to the French editor. This delivery contains "Tales of my Landlord," the "Black Dwarf," and "Old Mortality." It is accompanied by a *fac simile* of the following letter of Sir Walter Scott to the translator, denying that he is the author:

To M. Defauconpret, London.

SIR,—I am favoured with your letter, which proceeds on the erroneous supposition, that I am the author of Waverley and the other novels and tales which you have translated into French. But as this proceeds on a mistake, though a very general one, I have no title whatever either to become a party to any arrangement in which that author or his works may be concerned, or to accept the very handsome compliment which you design for him.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

Edinburgh, April 15, 1821. WALTER SCOTT.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

	Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
July										
5	29	69	67	0	73	0	74½	0	S.S.E.	Rain dur. day.
6	29	79	66½	0	72	0	75	0	W.	Rain.
7	29	67	63	0	69	0	77	0	S.S.E.	Sultry and
8	29	83	64	0	71	0	74	0	S.E.	Fair. [Cloudy.
9	29	54	61	0	67	0	72	0	S.E.	Fair.
10	29	62	62	0	64½	0	71½	0	N.W.	Cloudy.
11	29	78	64	0	66	0	72	0	W.N.W.	Fair.

5th,—The thermometer, in the night, reached 74. A great quantity of rain fell during the day.
8th,—Slight shower at one, p.m.
11th,—Great quantity of rain during the early part of the morning; commenced at five, a.m.

To Correspondents.

INDEX TO THE SIXTH VOLUME.—The index to our last volume will be presented gratuitously to our readers, and the title-page will be delivered also to those who apply for it either at our office or at those of the agents, to whom a supply will be forwarded for the use of those who intend to have their volumes bound. Those readers who do not intend to bind them up would much oblige us by presenting the index to their friends, as it contains an address and advertisement which may be the means of procuring us additional subscribers.

CHESS.—Our chess problem of this week is not, as usual, drawn from the works of Lolli, Philidor, Stamma, or other eminent writers on chess. It is an original position, communicated by an *Old Correspondent*, who requests we will keep back the solution beyond one week, in order to exercise the ingenuity of our chess readers. It is a very excellent checkmate, and very far from being obvious. We hope to be favoured with further *morceaux* from this same correspondent.

EXPENSES UPON REMITTING THE TWO HALVES OF AN IRISH ONE POUND NOTE.—One of our female subscribers, who resides in Ireland, and who has occasionally been a contributor to the columns of the *Kaleidoscope*, lately thought fit to address to us a letter containing one-half of an Irish one-pound note, the remainder of which was to follow. Not being aware of the nature of the letter, nor of the quarter from which it proceeded, we declined paying the two shillings and threepence demanded for it at the Post-office. In consequence of our declining to take it up, the letter has been sent back to London, and will, of course, be returned to our fair correspondent, who will, in all probability, have to pay the postage herself. In consequence of a note addressed to correspondents, in the *Kaleidoscope* of July 4th, we have been favoured with another two and three-penny letter, containing the second half of the one pound note. The lady informs us that this and the former half remittance were intended to defray the expenses of certain postages which her former communications had entailed upon us. We never required any thing of the sort from the lady, and we regret to think, that when the first half of the note reaches us, after travelling from Ireland to Liverpool, from Liverpool to London, from London to Ireland, and thence to Liverpool again, so large a portion of the pound will be sunk in the postage.

MUSICAL NOTATION.—We shall next week present our readers with some remarks upon some recent alleged improvements in the notation of music. One of these, by Mr. Yelverton, of this town, is so ingenious, that we shall illustrate it by an engraving.

PHRENOLOGY.—The communication of *Amicus Justitiæ* is very acceptable, and shall appear in our next. Our opinions on the subject exactly coincide with those of the writer.—There is, we believe, an error in the quotation from Dr. Reid.

The communications of the following correspondents are in train of publication:—*E. E.—Anon.—Q.—T. A.—Edward—S. S.—Inquisitive—R.—Lector—L.—P. N.—Justice—Ianthe*—and some others acknowledged in our former numbers.

CORK JACKETS.—Before we were favoured with *X.'s* note, we had tried the corks applied much in the way recommended by him, which differs little, we presume, from the ordinary cork jacket. Our present experience leads us to prefer the application of the buoyancy in the way we are now endeavouring to simplify.

The first canto of the Crusaders shall appear next week.

The WINTER-DAY is reserved for a more appropriate season.

The letter of *J. C.* of Leeds shall appear next Tuesday.

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